As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh oppoſition
Take it to heart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograd to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our ſonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother looſe her praiers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madame.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes ſhall tell.
And the Kings rowſe the Heauen ſhal brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flouriſh. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, O God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed, things ranke & groſſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of Heauen
Viſit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhee
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, maried with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! moſt wicked ſpeed; to poſt
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forg

Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with y
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.